




[Private] Much straw. Short night. Not enough gold.



Chaz
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MOOD: 😞 hungry

MUSIC: Stan Ridgway - Down the Coast Highway

I've got to get better faster. It's that or starve or go broke. I'm spending too much on food because I can't do as much cooking (yet! Think positive!) as I used to. So by the end of the week I'm eating takeout, or buying ready-to-eat stuff, because by dinnertime I'm too worn out to start anything from scratch.

Today I got two batches of bread, a batch of rice, and a pot of bean soup made, more or less to my standards. But I have to buy too much stuff partially prepared, which costs Way More than the same stuff if I do the same things to it. So I have to get better.

But hey, I am. Counted to five today, holding the thing. Five seconds, no cheating. Didn't even close my eyes. (Be honest--you were afraid to.)

Last night was weird. I sort of didn't know what to do with my hands. Or feet. Is being uncomfortable with the gang part of the new normal? That would suck intensely.

Oh, quit whining. You could be starving in Darfur. You've got it easy.

TAGS: [the new normal](#)

[locked] [Dream Journal](#)

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

[Elvis doesn't live here anymore.](#)

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

[Poppets. Puppets. Poppet](#)

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